The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Two Dependencies

ACROSS the vast Pacific and in many other sectors of the globe a great drama is unfolding. The world's colonial peoples are —here gradually, there suddenly—attaining their independence. And those who are still in political subjection, as well as those who are now their own sovereigns, find themselves the object of the rival attentions of the USA and the USSR—each accusing the other of imperialism.

The fate of the two principal American dependencies increases in importance. If the peoples of the Philippines and of Puerto Rico attain a status of economic and political stability in their own right, it will bring hope to the other colonial peoples. If the United States is instrumental in bringing the basic human freedoms to these widely separated islands, which we took over from Spain a half century ago, other dependent, and formerly dependent, peoples will be convinced where the support for their native aspirations lies.

Each case has specific requirements. In the Pacific the Filipinos have already attained political independence. But their troubles have only begun. No longer enjoying the protection of the American tariff wall, they have been unable to maintain an import-export balance. Communist-inspired Huk guerillas have for months kept the islands in turmoil; there are large districts where the government has been unable to maintain order. This uprising is but part of the greater threat from the Asiatic mainland. The Philippines lie but a stone's throw from besieged Formosa.

Moreover, the situation has its exceedingly delicate aspects. The United States can hardly intervene directly to maintain order in this newly-sovereign nation. Nor can we man, or insist on directing, the Philippines' defenses. All we can do on that plane is make it clear that we are ready to respond to invitations.

Economically there are still certain problems of tact, but there is much more that we can do. The United States is already extending considerable financial aid. But more should be done to build up imports from the Philippines, regardless of the pressure of certain American commodity interests. Technical missions to increase the islands' productive facilities should be multiplied. And, if we recognize the importance of the fate of the Philippines, continuing and even greater financial aid should be promised when needed.

With Puerto Rico political independence—or statehood—has not yet been achieved. United States responsibilities there are even more direct. Yet after fifty years of US rule the poverty of the islanders is appalling. And when Puerto Ricans migrate to the United States under the impulsion of bright lights and economic pressure, preparations to receive them are woefully inadequate. The districts in which they congregate in American cities are notorious for bad housing, incidence of disease, unlawfulness and high death rates. Surely authorities on the island and the mainland could work out a comprehensive migration process that would no longer result simply in the substitution of new evils for old ones.

As if this were not enough, there is the frightful series of airplane disasters resulting in hundreds of Puerto Rican deaths. Some of these were temporary farm workers being flown to the United States for the harvests. Others were migrating here. Still others were on a visit—either back home or to some relatives here in the United States.

IT MAY be difficult to curb lurid promotion of various junkets either to Puerto Rico or the United States. But at least safety regulations can be enforced. It is common knowledge that many of the planes which crashed enroute were overloaded, inadequately equipped or in some other fashion taking off in violation of existing regulations. Continued havoc in human lives either through sensational plane crashes or the slow depredations of extreme poverty will keep many colonial peoples skeptical about the United States.

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• NEXT WEEK •

"When Americans came over to Europe five years ago, neither they nor the Europeans knew how profoundly different they were from each other. Both sides believed that to smile, to kiss, to give flowers or food was enough. To shake hands, it was thought, meant nearness."

LILY DOBLHOFF writes from France on the changes in European attitudes toward Americans since the first delirium of victory in World War II.

Occupation

IF EVERYTHING had gone the way it was supposed to, this might have been a very different kind of piece. Five years after the great victories of 1945, it should be a question of welcoming the last soldier back to the States, congratulating the new leaders of a democratized, "re-educated" Germany and Japan, and once again heralding the great new era of peace on earth.

That is the way it sounded when the Occupation was talked about at the end of the war. And it still looks that way when you see the recruiting posters with the tall soldier reading a story to the Japanese child on his knee, and those others with the group of fair-haired German kids, not marching defiantly through the streets of Berlin but learning to play baseball.

But the plain fact of the matter is that it turned out to be something more, a question of strategy in the cold war. To go now means surely to come back again. And to stay means to jeopardize the original end and purpose of the Occupation. Jimmy Durante, whose repertory seems to include a title for any situation, has one called *"Did you ever have a feelin' that you wanted to go and then have a feelin' that you wanted to stay?"*

In the meantime the Americans remain. In Tokyo there is General MacArthur, godlike and aloof, crossing the short distance between his home and his office every day in a big enclosed black car. In Europe there are Americans living in the old castles, and everyone knows that even the second-lieutenants and their pretty wives never had it so good.

The Americans have been in Europe a long time now. Individuals may come and go, but it seems to the Europeans that America never leaves. On the Champs Elysées or the Unter den Linden, the GI's in uniform are like nuns, they all look alike.

By the nature of things, even the best Occupation soldiers are poor ambassadors. When they stay too long, they run the danger of becoming a symbol of all that is alien and meddling and in the way of people who want to breathe freely. When the occupiers are rich and the people occupied are poor, when one is powerful and the other weak, when the very presence of the soldiers may be the immediate cause of another rain of bombs—then the foreigners can be easily and deeply resented, however high their intentions or necessary their presence.

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The logic and psychology of Occupation are gone then. Americans are still in Germany because the watch is again on the Rhine, and in Asia because this continent—and the free world—are again threatened from the East.

The situation has changed. American forces stay mainly because they are fighting a cold battle in the cold war. That is the way things are, and while Communist imperialism is on the march it must be so. But it is sad. So many wanted so badly to make the Occupation a model of success.

There Are No Refuges

ROBERT BARRAT reported in our last issue the disquieting current state of mind in Europe. Europe wants peace, and Russia and the United States, Europe says, are walking relentlessly towards war.

Europe, then, proposes to become neutral. This is the argument: the Atlantic Union would be ineffective in war, would put destructive burdens on Continental economies, and would provoke Russia dangerously.

As Mr. Barrat states the positive proposal for European neutrality we cannot but hear it with a different emphasis than that with which it is spoken: Europe proposes to declare itself neutral; to agree not to enter any war unless attacked. Europe then would not be in the camp of Russia's enemies, and perhaps Russia would not invade her. If Russia should invade, then perhaps there wouldn't be much fighting before capitulation, and perhaps then the Americans would fight the Russians somewhere else. The Arctic, or Asia, perhaps. And if Russia were to invade after a solemn declaration of neutrality, then the Western Communists would rally to their homelands and there would be a united people—conquered, but united.

This is a dream and Europeans can hardly be denied dreams. Like all dreams, this one alters and adjusts the real world to fit the purposes and wishes of the dream. As with all dreams, the awakening eventually comes and the dream is forgotten. The essential unreality to this particular dream is a moral one. To rationalize European neutrality in the cold war—in the attaining of peace through strength, to use the term now in favor in Washington—the two opponents have to be equated, and the complexity of the conflict reduced to a manageable falsehood: that the cold war is merely a power struggle between two big nations.

The second unreality to the dream is the assumption that Russia would respect neutrality. The London *Economist* has commented: "The choice is between two kinds of peace—peace through strength on the western model or peace through appeasement and capitulation, which is the only peace the Soviet Union seeks or understands." Czechoslovakia wanted peace and neutrality, and won peace of a sort.

American policy has been partially responsible for the defeatism that has come with Spring to Europe. We have not made it clear that we fight not for our cities but for freedom. (The Administration's appeals to Congress have consistently justified appropriations for Europe as really being American defense expenditures—a truth but only a partial one.) We have permitted the Europeans to think that we intend to be generous with our arms and with their soldiers. We have allowed our effort to be identified with cold "war," and Russia has appropriated Picasso's dove of peace. Most important, we have as yet failed to give the people of Europe (and of the world) a policy that looks like something more than the tit-tat-toe of blocking Russia and storing arms; the best hope is for a stalemate. Mr. Acheson's policy is right—but after the "situations of strength" are built, what? The policy needs a conclusion; a tangible resolution and a hope.

Washington is now talking about weapons that make the defense of Europe something that can be managed without a huge army. Mr. Truman and his associates have buried the term "cold war" and their speeches are of peace. These are at least temporary remedies for the popular European state of mind.

Perseverance is a moral virtue, and now we find it more and more a political virtue. When men have performed the marvelous accomplishment of creating a democratic government, they have laid upon them responsibility for preserving that government and sheltering their fellowmen. This is a matter in which there is neither neutrality nor indifference.

One Way to Keep Cool

IN THE present state of world tensions there are good psychological counterparts, it seems, to the well-tried summer formulae of shower baths, air-conditioning, swimming trunks, the long, cold glass and generally taking it easy. That is the burden of an article by H. A. Overstreet,

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"How to Keep Cool in the Cold War," in the June *United Nations World.*

The author of such week-after-week best sellers as *Influencing Human Behavior* and *The Mature Mind* advocates "six stages of serenity" to remedy the actual "disturbed state of the human psyche." The first stage gives a clue to the nature of the others. It is for each man to find a life work which he can "carry on with a proud and unerring competence." This essentially sound prescription for personal happiness has some connection with keeping cool, in that conscious incompetence often leads to embarrassment, anxiety and hostility to the world. And so Mr. Overstreet has one more go at setting the anxious American on the road to individual success.

Some of his other stages may readily be imagined. They signalize the importance of friendship and affection, the need for taking responsibility, concern for the well-being of the less fortunate, constructive interest in social problems, broadness of vision. It is reassuring to find that, in this desirable mood of friendliness, understanding and quiet, we need not "approve of everyone and everything."

But what has this rather familiar refrain got to do with retaining one's sanity in the midst of the pervasive cold war? Implicitly, a good deal. The article does not mention the war itself. Mr. Overstreet never once refers to either of the principal adversaries. Primarily, he wants everyone to cultivate his own garden. Practically, he would leave anxieties about atomic warfare and the march of the USSR to others.

What he actually calls to mind is a spectacle that is anything but cool—the proverbial ostrich burying his head in the African sands. For the upshot of Mr. Overstreet's comforting formula for keeping cool, while all the world about you works itself into a frenzy, is simply to look the other way.

Truth or Consequences

WE ARE legally in receipt of a State Department document entitled *Freedom of the Press—An International Issue* and on reading it we find that while the issue referred to in the title is partly, as one would expect, a matter of Russian censorship vs. a free press in the outside world, it is not the Russian angle here that has the Department on edge. What they have in mind is that not all of us outside the Russian sphere mean the same thing by the term "free press" and since the American government puts considerable stock in its idea of a free press—and nothing short of that idea—as a medium for world understanding, it behooves us to realize that our idea is not wholly accepted even among our friends.

In condensed form, the message of this document is as follows: in 1944 some representatives of the American press proposed that an international treaty be drawn up promoting, wherever feasible, the unrestricted flow of news and information to all parts of the world. The proposal was endorsed by our government and a draft of the treaty was composed. This draft was then forwarded to the UN where it was debated point by point and finally adopted some months ago in a modified form, with only the Soviet bloc against it. All in all, an endorsement of the democratic thesis favoring a free press.

But in the course of the debate so basic a disagreement appeared that at one point our delegate, Erwin Canham of *The Christian Science Monitor,* notified the conference that his government could not sign the majority recommendations. These recommendations made it the legal obligation of correspondents to report facts contributing to international peace and security. The US delegation was, of course, in sympathy with the objective of the recommendations, but it could not subscribe to the totalitarian thesis inherent in them—namely, that government can dictate the functions of the press. Nevertheless the US was voted down on its objection. Only after some delicate compromising could words be found to cover this disagreement and save the treaty.

As a result of all this, the State Department, somewhat to its own surprise, it seems, came to this conclusion: "Especially significant is the fact that our concept of governmental laissez-faire toward the information media does not represent the norm even among most other acknowledged democracies."

If it still holds, and we think it does, that unvarnished truth is the way to mutual understanding, then the American press has to sell itself and its ideology, through example, to a good part of the world, where governments still keep their prerogative of jabbing the press in the ribs. We take a free-speaking press for granted. But we have just barely salvaged in an international convention the idea that the facts speak for themselves. There is, as this report puts it, a "threat to the traditional American concept of the free press [that] cannot be ignored, especially at a time when the totalitarian thesis is exerting its maximum pull."

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India and Pakistan

Is there now a real chance for a Confederation of the two states?

By JEROME D'SOUZA

THE drama of the ever-changing relations between Pakistan and India is likely to puzzle the foreign observer. Till recently the two countries were united politically and the leaders of the two states were members of the central Indian Cabinet trying to carry out a common program for the prosperity of the entire subcontinent. Sir Zafrullah Khan, today the uncompromising protagonist of Pakistan before the United Nations, spoke just four years ago in an equally decisive manner on behalf of a united India. At that same time the political leaders of the Moslems continued to demand the division of the country.

Then, suddenly, the acceptance of the Cabinet plan of 1946 seemed to bridge the differences and to end the talk of division. Equally suddenly the agreement ceased, the division of the country was carried out, and a bitter period of bloodshed and of massive migrations of populations came in its wake. Hard on the heels of this came the Kashmir tragedy and the Hyderabad affair, both of them involving dangerous moves and rousing angry passions. For nearly two years the two countries were in a state of undeclared war. The intervention of the UN led to a cease fire order and an easing of tension.

Recently, events in Bengal and the threat of mutual persecutions once again caused extensive movements of population and brought the two countries "to the brink of an abyss," as Pandit Nehru declared. And now, once again, a meeting between two statesmen and the signing of a pact seem to have dispersed the clouds so completely that both sides are talking of undying friendship and cooperation.

How shall we explain these quick and violent fluctuations of sentiment? Do they signify in reality unbridgeable opposition camouflaged by occasional forced "settlements" or do they signify fundamental agreement and community of interests temporarily disturbed by moods of more than ordinary quarrelsomeness? What are the permanent elements in the situation which would enable us to understand the true nature of the controversies between the two powers and appraise the chances of lasting peace between them?

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UNDOUBTEDLY there are profound differences between Moslem and Hindu convictions on fundamental matters which keep them almost poles apart. The dominant school of Hindu religion is Advaita or Monist. It believes that all visible things are emanations of the divine and it tolerates almost every form of religious belief and practice. It permits idolatry or the worship of images and links the caste system with the doctrine of Karma and Rebirth. Islam on the other hand has to the full the Hebraic concept of a transcendent God, Creator and Ruler. Idolatry is anathema to it. It preaches and practices an admirable spirit of brotherhood. It has no priesthood, no sacramental system. The Moslems eat beef and they simply do not understand the Hindu veneration for the cow. All this led in the earlier years of Moslem domination of India to idol-breaking and persecution of the Hindus in some parts of the country. Bitter memories of this still survive.

To these fundamental religious and philosophical differences have been added social and cultural differences which the traditions of former times and in particular the very spirit of Hindu civilization, its tolerance of cultural variety, fostered. The Hindus kept up their own languages, their styles in building houses and temples, their manner of dressing and eating. The Moslems preserved the ways which they brought from abroad, from Persia and Central Asia and Arabia. Thus in most places in India the Moslem community developed as a very distinctive community, instantly recognized by its external ways of living and not merged together with the Hindus as Catholics, Protestants and Jews are merged together in European and American countries. There is, therefore, some ground for the "two nation theory" of Mr. Jinnah, that Hindus and Moslems belong to two different "nations," on the basis of which he demanded and secured the division of India into majority Hindu and majority Moslem states.

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The foregoing description applies to Hindu-Moslem divergencies in this extreme form. But in reality there has been friendliness between the two communities and mutual influences of a kind and extent that will surprise those who are impressed by present day differences. The strict Monotheism of the Moslems encouraged and accentuated the theistic elements that were already present in Hinduism. Out of the fusion of the two creeds emerged the Sikh Faith, founded by Guru Nanak. The same dual inspiration stirred the heart of the great Hindi Poet, Kabir, and led to a widespread movement under his name which promoted a theistic worship partly emancipated from caste restrictions. Among Moslems, on the other hand, the mystic element in Hinduism, its passionate quest of union with God, led to the development of the Sufi cult, the growth of orders of religious devotees—fakirs and dervishes—after the manner of Hindu Sanyassins and Sadhus.

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WHEN the nationalist movement started in the nineteenth century, in the wake of English education, the Moslems were somewhat hesitant about joining it. More than the Hindus, they were bleeding from the pitiless repression which followed the quelling of the great Mutiny of 1857. The memories of their not long past dominance in the subcontinent left them in a mood of bitter and suspicious aloofness.

But this did not last long. Great leaders like Sir Syed Mahammud roused them from their apathy and started them on that dynamic career of many-sided activity which has ended in the creation of Pakistan. They joined the Hindus in the nationalist movement and were one with them in the demand for increasing measures of self-government, and finally, in the uncompromising demand for independence. The cooperation between Hindus and Moslems in the nationalist cause reached its zenith in the All India Khilfat agitation under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, Mohammed Ali and Shaukat Ali.

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THE cleavage began with what may be called the growth of religious nationalism among the Hindus. The national revival brought with it interest in India's past and pride in Indian culture. India's composite culture is made up of elements from all religious and artistic traditions. But it is predominantly a Hindu culture. Hindu Nationalists tended to overemphasize the Hindu features and to adopt an attitude of uncritical admiration, accompanied by a sweeping condemnation of the West, in which Moslems and Christians could not join.

Moreover, the political movement was accompanied by religious revivals, one of which, the Arya Samaj Movement, adopted militant and intolerant tactics, claimed that Hinduism was the national religion of India, and spoke of the Prophet of Islam and of the heroes and achievements of Islamic culture in a manner that infuriated the Moslems. By a development till then unknown to Hindu society it organized movements for the reconversion of Moslems and Christians to Hinduism. Clashes between Hindus and Moslems became frequent. The Moslem habit of killing cows for food and the Hindu practice of playing music in processions were sufficient causes to start a riot and drench a town in blood. Even Mahatma Gandhi's peculiar technique and the religious phraseology he used to appeal to the Hindu masses created suspicion and led to the establishment of a Hindu State.

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TO THIS cultural opposition was added passionate rivalry, introduced into Indian nationalism by the British device of "communal electorates." This consisted in each Community's —Christians, Moslems and Hindus — choosing, through its own electorates, its representatives to the Legislatures. The number of those representatives would be in proportion to the total strength of the community. This might have been a deliberate attempt to divide and rule, or it may have been an honest attempt to save the democratic experiment in India from the danger of majority tyranny. But it gave political significance to religious affiliations and increased opposition to religious propaganda on either side, since changes of religion shifted the population ratios and disturbed the balance of political power. Rumors of unfair methods, of proselytism and of forced conversions increased mutual anger and suspicion.

Beneath these causes of religious and political antagonism were deep-seated economic causes which accentuated the cleavage. The Moslems, who had once been the rulers of the land, had become economically poor. A great proportion of the Moslems were cultivators under Hindu landlords. The Hindus, who had taken quicker advantage of English education, filled the Government services and learned professions and amassed vast fortunes under the British regime. Caste and family loyalties still dominate Indian life to a large extent. Under the rule of a Hindu majority in independent India, the Moslems saw themselves threatened culturally and politically and doomed to economic backwardness.

With this background of fears and antagonisms rose the cry of "separatism." It was first raised by a relatively unknown Moslem publicist named Dr. Latif and was not taken

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seriously at the start. But the famous Moslem poet, Sir Muhammad Iqbal, supported it and gave it prestige. Mr. Jinnah took it up and spread it among the Moslem masses. His forensic skill, his organizing ability and unbending obstinacy of purpose, as well as the prestige of his upright personal character, gained for it rapid diffusion.

In the course of the last 12 years, during which this campaign for Pakistan was waged, there were several occasions when the differences seemed reconciled and the chance of maintaining the unity of India bright. But at each turn some apparently minor point nettled one or other of the protagonists and broke up the negotiations. The cabinet plan of a triple-tiered constitution—States, two intermediary Federations of Moslem States and Hindu States, and a third super-Federation of the entire subcontinent—secured the agreement of both sides and seemed at last to solve the conflict. But this agreement too broke down, on a minor point. Both sides fell back tired of negotiations, longing for independence under any condition. The Moslems, almost astonished at their own success, grasped the prize of Pakistan, and the Hindus, weary of "appeasement" and the gnawing discontent which it brought, agreed to division.

For a while there was tremendous relief and easing of tension. But soon evil things succeeded —looting, rapine and murder, displacements of populations on a scale unknown to history, involving, in all, more than 12 million people. After that, a struggle for the Princes' States—Junagadh and Hyderabad and Kashmir. An appeal to the United Nations brought some relief to the sharpness of the last conflict. A UN Commission was sent, a ceasefire was ordered and the question seemed on its way to a peaceful settlement. But once again troubles in Bengal and the vexed question of the relative value and the disposal of "evacuee property" in the two states started another conflagration which brought them to the verge of war. That catastrophe has been averted and there is once again the chance of cooperation between them.

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IN THE light of the foregoing sketch of the relations between the Hindu and Moslem elements in India, it will be clear that the present entente is not an artificial creation, or a political maneuver, but the instinctive expression of an underlying affinity. It does hold the promise of continued collaboration, which the best minds on either side of the frontier long for.

The great obstacle is still the outstanding litigation over Kashmir. To Pakistan and her friends, it seems that the geographical contiguity of Kashmir to Pakistan and the fact of its having mainly a Moslem population, should decide the question of its accession to Pakistan. India, on the other hand, has steadily declined to admit the "two nation theory" and claims that the question should be settled not by religious affiliation but by the freely expressed will of the people. Pakistan has agreed to accept the result of a plebiscite. It would seem that no fundamental obstacle now remains to prevent a satisfactory solution. But unfortunately the presence of the troops of the two states, or of native troops trained under the inspiration of the two states, makes the holding of a really free plebiscite difficult. The UN is engaged in securing the complete demilitarization of the two zones as preliminary to the plebiscite. There is no doubt that when this is done, and the plebiscite is successfully held, both countries will abide by the outcome.

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BUT is it only the settlement of outstanding disputes and the maintenance of friendliness that India can look forward to? Is the healing of the breach and the restoration of unity, for which geography and ethnology clamor and history points the way, an idle dream? There are many responsible men in both states who refuse to dismiss it as such. On either side there are men who were in the common army fighting against foreign domination, men who thrilled at the voice of Mahatma Gandhi and followed his incomparable leadership through long years. There are millions of Moslems in India loyal to their country, yet bound by ties of friendship and brotherhood to their fellow Moslems in Pakistan, and there are millions of Hindus in Pakistan. Moslem suspicions of a Hindu state have been nearly dissipated by the tragic sacrifice of Mahatma Gandhi, who died for the ideal of tolerance, and by the unswerving determination of Jawaharlal Nehru to maintain the ideal of secular democracy. Hindu fears of an Islamic state in Pakistan have been tempered by the recent statesmanlike utterances of Liaquat Ali Khan.

India is, of all countries, the most likely to practice the lesson of "forgive and forget." She has forgotten her long quarrel with England and decided to preserve her link with the British Commonwealth of Nations. As to Pakistan, it is too easily forgotten that the Cabinet Plan, on which agreement was secured, is still capable of realization. The present Federations may well continue as they are now. But above and beyond them, it is still possible to restore the link and organize a Confederation which will ensure military defense for the subcontinent against envious neighbors, greater economic prosperity for both groups, and greater chances of durable peace in Asia, in spite of the travail through which the once slumbering continent is passing.

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Revolt Against Cotton

Free men have struggled for three generations to raise that crop as cheaply as slaves did.

By CLARE E. WOLF

MY NEIGHBOR has quit raising cotton. He raised his last crop in 1949 although he jokingly says he raised his last cotton in '48 because the weevils got it all last year.

At that, he wasn't easily discouraged. Nearly everyone else stopped raising the stuff several years ago. I suppose that a man of fifty who has worked a crop of cotton every year of his life since the day when he could first handle a hoe finally stops growing it with about the same sentiments as a youth about to leave home for the first time. For him, cotton has been a pretty intimate part of his life right from his boyhood. He's spent a lot of his time planting, cultivating, hoeing and picking it. A few years back, the sale of his cotton crop was the source of the cash he needed to buy the things he couldn't make or raise. It's hard for us to imagine how things were then, but cotton was about the only commodity he could raise and sell for cash. That's one of the reasons why cotton remained *the* cash crop even after its price went so low. It was one thing he could always sell for some sort of price. You couldn't say that of anything else.

So, it was cotton that bought his seed and fertilizer, his implements and repairs and his workstock. It paid the store bills, the taxes, the rent and the doctor bills and, if there was enough of it, it paid the church dues, bought his Prince Albert—and perhaps a few steins of beer.

In the fall of the year there was always rivalry between farmers to see who would get the first bale of cotton ginned. That first bale was ginned free and having the first bale of cotton was supposed to add to one's prestige. After that first bale, the hungry gins ran from daylight until dark. Wagonloads of cotton would be lined up in their turns before the sun got up and sometimes the latecomer waited until nightfall to get his load off.

Most of the cotton was sold to the ginner and the farmer went away with cash in his pockets—perhaps the first he'd had in a long time. Then came the yearly "custom" of paying whatever bills for seed, fertilizer and groceries might have been contracted. What was left had to serve a hundred and one purposes. So many things were always put off being bought until cotton ginning time! In a good year it would be the time for buying that new stove or a piece of furniture or maybe a late and improved model cultivator. If Mom needed a new Sunday dress it was the ripe time to mention the subject; if Dad needed his teeth fixed or his glasses changed it was then or wait for another year.

But good year or bad, a father never came back from his gin trip without bringing something for the kids—a new little dress, a pair of shoes, a pocket knife—and always an extra large poke of candy. I do believe that the cluck of wagon wheels and the tinkle of trace chains in the early dark of a fall night and the thrill and expectancy with which three generations of youngsters awaited their daddy's arrival from the ginning trip were partly responsible for keeping cotton growing on the south's tired hillsides as long as it did.

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FOR a variety of reasons, cotton has been a very uncertain cash crop in the uplands since before the great depression. In the first place, the price is never stable. Secondly, weevils and pests of all sorts have added work and expense to the growing of it, and finally, one cannot grow cotton on the uplands of the south and hold the topsoil.

Neighbor Albert's decision to plant something else in place of his usual cotton patch is significant because it is typical of what is happening on thousands of upland farms in the south. Cotton will still be ranked as a big cash crop in the south, but it will be raised on the fertile level land of river bottoms and delta areas. It has almost disappeared from the hilly less-fertile regions. The gin in the nearby village processed nearly 2,000 bales in 1919. Today it is torn down. There is only one cotton gin left in this general vicinity. It almost runs at a loss to gin the cotton from an area that once kept six gins operating at a profit. A used cotton gin can only be sold for junk.

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One might accept this change as nothing but an adjustment to the prevailing price structure. We might say that neighbor Albert has quit raising cotton because the price is so low it doesn't pay. He will grow something else for which he can get a better price.

There's a good deal more to it than just that. Cotton is a crop that requires clean tillage. Cotton requires a ground bare of weeds, rocks and trash. It grows a tall branchy stalk that is almost like wood and requires months to rot. While they are rotting, the stalks get in the way of hoes and plows so it became the practice simply to rake up the stalks and burn them. Nor was the organic matter replaced in any other way, for the cotton farmer usually kept little livestock except for his team and a cow or two.

The plain fact is this: the agricultural economy of the south is in upheaval because her soil has revolted against her. Three and more generations of cotton farmers have sapped the life out of it. Cotton is going, but with it is going a ruinous system of monoculture that was once the accepted thing.

Growing cotton was a problem for neighbor Albert these late years, but now that he's given it up his problems seem to have multiplied. Cotton was his cash crop. What will he raise now to take its place?

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DURING the war the neighborhood was full of snap beans. There was money in them then, but there was soon a surplus. With a surplus, canners could pay what they pleased, could refuse all but the choicest beans and often just didn't have the facilities for packing all the beans the farmers wanted to sell them. Tons and tons of perfectly edible snap beans were dumped in the creek.

In the years right after the war farmers hereabouts began raising field peas for seed. Somehow the idea became current that this area had almost a natural monopoly on pea seed. It was said that we alone could raise field peas with satisfactory germination. In 1947 the crop sold for fancy prices. It looked like a good cash crop. It required little labor and peas are legumes that collect their own nitrogen. In 1948 the acreage was doubled, then doubled again. The 1948 yield was good. The result? Nearly the entire crop was ground up for cow feed. Louisiana, Texas and even California could also raise field peas—and they did.

Year before last, potatoes paid well. They grew fine in this basically sandy soil. In 1949 everyone planted the limit. My neighbor told me if he had a sandy, well-drained farm like mine he'd plant the whole thing in potatoes and I believe he'd have done it. I planted only half a bushel—thank heavens! For some reason, last year's potatoes didn't keep well and at the same time the whole nation was seemingly trying to see just how many potatoes it could raise. Our potatoes never got into the sack. Thousands of bushels rotted in piles under shade trees or spread out under buildings. No wonder farmers almost dreaded to see spring come this year. They simply didn't know what to plant.

I once heard Monsignor Ligutti say that there is a definite ratio that should exist between the number of acres of land, the number of human beings and the number of head of livestock on a farm in order for that farm to feed the farmer and yet retain its original level of productivity. The thought behind his statement is very plainly seen when you come across a case like neighbor Albert's. If only neighbor Albert could catch the full meaning of it he'd see wherein his weakness lies.

You see, he keeps the very minimum of livestock. In fact, he barely keeps enough to supply his own needs for animal food products. He has three cows. In winter they give just enough for the family; in summer, when grass is rich and plentiful, he gets more than he can use so he skims off the cream and sells it. But he really doesn't consider his cows as a source of income. It's just an extra. He raises only two pigs a year and butchers them in the fall. Now and then he has an extra side or ham to sell. He keeps thirty or forty chickens. They lay a few eggs through the winter and more in the spring and early summer. In hot weather they don't lay at all. They're just something the woman takes care of. Each kind of animal—the cows, the pigs and the chickens—are treated as sidelines. There's no money in them, he says, and they take a lot of time away from field work.

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BUT that's where the element of balance comes in. Neighbor Albert doesn't have enough cows to keep up the fertility of his land. If he had more pasture without getting more cows he couldn't utilize it all and yet his land badly needs a rotation that requires his land to be in grass at least one year out of three. With more cows and some additional acres in pasture he could concentrate his manure on fewer acres of cultivated land with a corresponding increase in yield. Besides that, with more cows he'd have more manure.

The idea of milking more cows will be a hard pill for neighbor Albert to swallow. He thinks the job of milking three of them is big enough. The idea of milking more cows is as hard to accept as was the idea of giving up cotton. The

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idea of raising more chickens or pigs sounds downright ridiculous to him. He says there's no money in raising two pigs or 30 chickens. He'd lose still more money if he'd raise 20 pigs or 300 laying hens.

Sooner or later, however, he'll have to realize in his own way that the problem of what to raise and what to sell is bound up with his soil. His land is in such a condition that he simply can't raise just anything and make it pay. His soil isn't productive enough. Furthermore, he must take immediate steps toward the rebuilding of his topsoil. For the moment it's on the brink of loss. He must either begin building or it will be lost for keeps. In order to keep on making a living and at the same time work toward the restoring of his land he's going to have to have more grass to hold the fertility that remains, more livestock to harvest the grass and turn it into something that can be sold for cash and more manure to build up the fertility of his soil.

It will take neighbor Albert a while to change his ways but he'll come around. He's not really obstinate. He's just cautious. After all, when you've been raised from a boy with cotton and corn as the center of your farming, and after you've seen these two standbys let you down, it's hard to believe there's much in anything else.

If nothing else, the idea of doing less field work and more work around the barn taking care of stock will be hard for him to get used to. When cotton and corn were king, the man who was seen around the buildings after seven in the morning or before six at night was just a plain putterer. But, even in the "good old days" the neighborhood could admire a putterer—if he finally made money!

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FRANKLY, I'm secretly pleased at the change taking place in my neighborhood's way of doing things and at the way things are going in this whole upland section. Sometimes I get to feeling like some Fourth of July orators sound, but darned if I don't think there's more truth than oratory in it. To my way of thinking, this change in the agriculture of the south is in a very real sense the final step in the eradication of slavery. Cotton farming was born of slavery. Cotton is a crop so profligate with human labor that it could never have become the south's basic cash crop without slavery, for slavery provided cheap labor. Slavery was outlawed, but cotton remained. Free men struggled for three generations to produce it as cheaply as it was produced by slaves. They succeeded, but not until they themselves had become slaves to a system that impoverished the farmer and ruined his soil. The changes I see taking place on farms on every side of me are building a way of life that will make men free again.

FROM ENGLAND

Festival of Makers

ON THE first Monday in August there will assemble at Caerphilly in South Wales thousands of Welsh men, women and children, from their own country and England and the dominions overseas and America, for a week to be devoted passionately to the arts—The National Eisteddfod. The name is well known. It has been the subject of cheap English jokes, and is usually mispronounced (*eyestéthvod,* roughly). What is not appreciated is that it is a manifestation of diffused, popular literary and musical culture unique in the whole world.

The eisteddfod has a long history, but in its present form, "The National," is not yet a hundred years old. The pageantry and "druidic" ritual, the vestments of the bards, the ceremonies of sword and horn, have their impressiveness; but they are spurious: inventions of a learned stonemason of the eighteenth century (his bardic name was Iolo Morganwg, Julius of Glamorgan) who out-chattertoned Chatterton and deceived even the elect. It was he who invented the *Gorsedd Beirdd Ynys Prydain,* the High Court of the Bards of the Isle of Britain, that dominates the national eisteddfod today. But these are trimmings. The real business of the eisteddfod is as a series of competitions in the arts.

Let me say straight away that the visual arts are only very "poor relations." Wales has not yet any tradition in painting and sculpture. And her fine achievements in the useful arts, "crafts," are best examined in the National Museum at Cardiff and the Folk Museum at St. Fagans Castle (England hasn't even got a folk museum yet).

Literature and music are the eisteddfod's great concern. The chairing and the crowning of the winning bards are high-lights and the interest in poetry is deep, but the eisteddfod's popular appeal is above all musical, choral. "Perhaps in no other country," as the London *Times* has remarked, "would it be possible to find large audiences who will sit appreciatively but critically while half a dozen choirs sing the same set piece, or a dozen competitors recite the self-same ode. The eisteddfod clearly corresponds to something in the Welsh character that differentiates it from all others."

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THE scale of the eisteddfod is now so big that its very size and popularity is one of its chief dangers. The main pavilion has to accommodate 15,000 people, and at last year's "National," at the little town of Dolgelley, in North Wales, there were 276 separate competitions. (The prizes are in money, such modest sums that they often do not cover the out-of-pocket expenses of the successful contestant). The matters of competition were poetry and other literature (81 competitions), chor-

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al, vocal solo and instrumental music (52 competitions), drama, verse-speaking, arts and crafts, and ambulance work, all (except the last) having parallel competitions for children. Some of the matters set require considerable research and are announced years in advance: such things as a biographical dictionary of Welsh musicians or a history of Catholics in Wales in the seventeenth century (won, I believe, by a Protestant minister). And the whole thing is carried through in the Welsh language.

Everybody knows that the Welsh can sing and that they are never happier than when they are singing; and that "not in unison, but in many different parts," as Giraldus Cambrensis noted over 700 years ago. Welsh poetry is less well known, and for the good reason that in its native forms it comes near to being quite untranslatable. (But see *The Development of Welsh Poetry,* by H. I. Bell, Oxford University Press, 1936, and bibliography therein). There are two kinds of Welsh poetry, the later one being "free" verse, not in the sense that term is understood in English, but rhymed accentual verse in the regular forms that we know: a sonnet is free verse in Wales.

The "strict," or "bardic," verse is of great age; how great is a matter of discussion, but it has existed and developed perhaps since the sixth century—if this be so, then Welsh poetry is the oldest in Europe after Greek and Latin. (The greatest name is Dafydd ap Gwilym, contemporary of Chaucer). There was a great kindling of interest in this ancient verse and its practice during the eighteenth century, and that has continued ever since. This is no occasion—even were I qualified—to try to explain the "strict" meters. It suffices to say that they form a very strict and most complex metrical system, governed by a device called *cynghanedd,* involving consonantal balance and internal alliteration—what Gerard Manley Hopkins called "consonantal chiming." It is emphatically poetry to be listened to as well as read.

It is a highly developed, subtle and civilized literary form; there is nothing "primitive" about it: and the same is true of its musical equivalent, *penillion*-singing. This may be roughly described as the continuous playing, in strict time, of a harmonized melody on the harp, to which the singer sings words in a "descant" (known or improvised) which is "set" upon the harp music according to rules (See *Penillion in English,* by W. S. Gwynn Williams, London, 1926).

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THIS, then, is the sort of thing that is done at eisteddfodau, national or local, by miners from the Rhondda, farmers from Cardigan, shepherds and quarrymen from Merioneth, ministers, school-teachers, professors from the federal University of Wales, housewives, boxers and football-players, lawyers, barbers and the "clerk from the drugstore." And this is possible in Great Britain of the twentieth century because of the part played by the chapels and their Sunday-schools, adult and children's, in the Welsh life of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

It was there that the language was kept alive, in singing, preaching and discussion, there that regard for things of the mind was fostered, there that the peasant awakening was guided and radical criticism of industrial injustice promoted. And parallel was the literary revival begun by the "spare-time" labors of three brothers, Lewis, Richard and William Morris (not the poet of that name of the Kelmscott Press), in making available the great Welsh literature of the past.

Maybe the National Eisteddfod is living too prodigally on its spiritual and artistic capital, and it is true that, while some first-class work is done, a great deal of mediocre stuff also is put out: "It has been the occasion of acres of dullness in verse," says Wyn Griffiths in his excellent account of it in *The Welsh* (Penguin, London, 1950). And he hints at the existence of a certain musical complacency when he observes that, "A cynic might add that it is good for a good Welsh choir to be beaten by a better English one." But my concern with the eisteddfod here is as a social and cultural phenomenon that is still in the full flush of life.

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NOT the least of the arts manifested at the esiteddfod is public speaking, which at times attains a very high standard. In the introduction of competitors by "appropriate remarks" the epithet is not simply conventional and formal, and facetiousness is not acceptable as a substitute for wit; while the judgments of adjudicators (sometimes excessively long) are listened to with close attention by an audience which has ideas of its own on public speaking, whether from the rostrum or the pulpit, as well as on the poetry or music or drama under examination.

It must not be supposed that there is only one eisteddfod, and that the National. Every year up and down the country hundreds of these festivals are held on varying scales of smallness, in Welsh, bi-lingual or even occasionally in English alone. Years ago I was in the schoolroom of a scattered hamlet in central Wales. Its drabness was relieved only by placards on which were inscribed in large and beautiful lettering famous names of Welsh history. Among them I remember particularly Dr. William Morgan, who translated the Bible into Welsh; Gruffydd Jones, "Llanddowror," the father of modern Welsh education; Goronwy Owen, poet and son of a drunken tinker, who died in sad exile in Virginia about 1769; Ann Griffiths the hymn-writer, a peasant girl of whom it has been said that the "intensity of her conversion to spiritual things would have earned her canonization in the Roman Catholic Church."

That small room was crowded with men, women and children, some of whom had come miles by buggy or tin-lizzie from mountain farms and villages. For more than three hours those farmers and their wives and children, farm servants, small dealers, the minister and the schoolmaster and the rest, entertained themselves by acting, reciting and, mostly, by vigorous penillion-singing. (The harper had come from two counties away).

I have seen many manifestations of Welsh culture, but this and others like it made the deepest impression.

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No very high standard perhaps, but a whole thing: not a shredded affair of literary and musical fashions and people of superior education and talents, having little relation to ordinary life: but something in which all sorts and conditions of people took part, an indigenous culture expressing itself in the people's natural language. Throughout the evening I heard no words of English, except such as were addressed to myself.

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AT THE last census, twenty years ago, the population of Wales over three years old was nearly 2½ million, of whom 36.7 per cent recorded themselves as able to speak Welsh. (The percentage varied from 4.8 to 87.4 in the thirteen counties. How many of this 909,000 *habitually* spoke Welsh there is no means of knowing. A surprising thing is that 98,000 persons, 3.9 percent, could speak nothing else. But these are now rapidly dying out.) But this does not mean that the non-Welsh-speaking majority are apart from the rest, "not really Welsh," and outside the influence and interests of the eisteddfod and all it stands for.

It is all very well to say, in moments of irritation with Celtomaniacs, that the Welsh are "not musical" (whatever that may mean), that they are not a "race of poets," that they have produced no "art" of any kind, except possibly some poetry in a language that nobody except a minority of themselves can understand. The fact remains that the Welsh in general, Welsh-speaking or not, are a highly intelligent people, with a passion for education and for singing, and a "literary" ability and enthusiasm not always latent.

Of course there is sentimental exaggeration, both from within and from without; no doubt their art, as the word is understood in more sophisticated societies, is as it were dormant, "in potency" more than "in act." But to say, for example, that there is little difference in these matters between the Welsh and the English is as fatuous as to say in other matters, that there is little difference between the English and the Irish—or the Irish and the Welsh.

Some would object to the use of the word "culture" a couple of paragraphs back. But I stick to it. That village gathering was as much an expression of culture as a meeting of the Browning Society or a Surrealist exhibition or Hollywood are expressions of other cultures. And in that schoolroom I especially liked the setting-up of those names: better surely than a series of dreary busts or fanciful pictures. And a continuing reminder—"seeing that we have so great a cloud of witnesses over our heads." It is now seven hundred years since a nameless old man at Pencader spoke bold words to King Henry II of England (we have to thank Giraldus for preserving them, as for so much else), nor would he, I believe, speak any differently in the very different circumstances of today: "I do not think that, whatever may hereafter come to pass, any other people than this of Wales, or any other language, shall in the day of direful examination before the Judge of all answer for this corner of the earth."

DONALD ATTWATER.

Communications

The South's Reaction

Richmond, Va.

TO THE EDITORS: Consternation is the best word to describe the reaction of Virginia (and most of the South) to the latest decisions of the Supreme Court on the question of segregation.

Most Southern newspapers, which seem to reflect rather than lead public opinion, were quick to point out editorially that the principle of "separate but equal" facilities, upheld by the Supreme Court in 1896, was not affected by the latest decisions. But these papers also expressed open fears that it would be only a matter of time before litigation is initiated by Negroes throughout the South to remove existing inequalities in the field of education. (It is common knowledge, of course, that while facilities throughout most of the South are always "separate" they are not always "equal.")

The South is not prepared to abandon segregation at the present time. The principle is too deeply embedded in the Southern consciousness. It has been rationalized, squared with regional conceptions of democracy, and preached from many denominational pulpits as being compatible with Christianity. Even those who classify themselves as Southern liberals or progressives shy away from the moral issue involved. They confine their fight to the problem of obtaining equal, but separate, facilities for Negroes.

In the long run, the economics tied up with the problem of equal facilities may deal segregation its fatal blow. Educational expenditures in the South are well below the national average mainly because taxable wealth is far below the national average. Further complicating the situation is the fact that the South maintains what amounts to two separate school systems. In many rural sections of Virginia, for example, two schools have to be maintained whereas one school could meet the needs of the number of students in attendance.

The cost of providing facilities that will be upheld as "equal" in Federal courts may prove to be a burden too heavy for these localities to bear. But if they wish to keep their segregated school system, that is the price they will eventually have to pay. That fact is evident from Federal court rulings in recent years.

How have Southerners themselves reacted to the decision?

In a large city such as Richmond there has been little public discussion on the issue. But in the smaller communities, I understand, it is a much-discussed topic.

The Negroes' recourse to Federal courts has served to put segregation proponents — and this includes the great majority of white Southerners—on the defensive. I have talked to many of these people. They defend the

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status quo on many grounds. One of their latest arguments runs something like this:

"If Negro facilities are not equal to those provided for white students, it is because Negroes contribute relatively little in the form of taxes to help pay for the public goods and services they receive. If they want equal services, let them pay equal taxes. Examine the state tax reports and you'll find that the white people are not only paying for their own schools, but they're also paying most of the cost for Negro schools as well."

It is surprising how many Southerners are now using this argument, if it can be called an argument. But I'm passing it along for what it may be worth.

In private conversations, most Virginians seem to feel that the Supreme Court will never declare segregation itself unconstitutional. They seem to feel that the projected Southern regional university compact will eventually provide equal facilities for Negro students at the university level.

Many have volunteered the information that if the principle of segregation were ever abolished in Virginia, they would send their children to private schools, of which there are a large number in the state.

I cannot speak for the rest of the South, but as far as Virginia is concerned there were no violent reactions to the news of the decisions. Previous High Court decisions, it appears, have prepared most Virginians for the latest court action, and they are now more concerned with the immediate problem of equalizing educational opportunities than they are with the deeper problem of the morality of a segregated society.

LAWRENCE T. KING.

The Friends of Emmanuel Mounier

THE May issue of *Esprit* announces the formation of an association to be known as the Friends of Emmanuel Mounier. M. Mounier, the leader of the Personalist movement in France, died last March. (A tribute to the man and his work, written by Helene Iswolsky, who was one of his associates in the Personalist movement, appeared in THE COMMONWEAL for May 5.)

The *Esprit* announcement said in part: "The association will be dedicated to making the work and name of the late founder of *Esprit* better known. But it will have a more immediate end. Emmanuel Mounier died a poor man; he spent himself and gave up personal security for the cause he espoused. Now, after his great work is finished, his wife and three children are left without resources." The Friends of Emmanuel Mounier will make themselves responsible for the care of Mme. Mounier and education of the Mounier children. Applications for membership (one dollar or more) may be mailed to: *Les Amis d'Emmanuel Mounier, Esprit, 27 rue Jacob, Paris, France;* or sent in care of this magazine.

The Screen

BREATHES THERE A MAN

ONE thing every moviegoer likes to do is to corner a movie critic and tell him about the films he prefers; and the one group of films that this everyman-a-movie-critic likes to rave about most are those from England. No matter how much I may argue that as a rule we Americans see only the best English films, and these best, like "Odd Man Out," "Henry V," "I Know Where I'm Going" stand up with the best from any country, I am unable to convince the Anglofilmphiles that the English make stinkers too. Few of these poor British movies reach our shores and those that do often fizzle out in the art theaters without a great deal being said. But moviegoers continue to praise "Hamlet" and "Pygmalion" and "Tight Little Island," and continue to lump all English movies with these good ones. This week we have two new English imports which will give them more ammunition.

Ideologically *"The Winslow Boy"* belongs with the best movies being made in England or in any other country. It tells the story of a family; the father is retiring from his post in the bank in 1912 and the younger son is entering the Royal Naval College. Everything is glowing in a middle-class, slightly stuffy English sort of way. Then everything crashes. The boy, accused of stealing a five shilling postal order, is expelled from school. His family, certain of his innocence, stands by him; and the father starts a fight for the boy's honor that goes from the Admiralty Office to the House of Commons and finally, when a famous lawyer takes the case, to the Lord Chief Justice's Court.

Years pass; the case becomes a national issue; we see democracy at work as a *cause célèbre* is made not so much out of a five-shilling theft as the question of a boy's innocence or guilt. All England becomes interested in the case and when it finishes with the absolute vindication of the Winslow boy, the people feel assured that in their country "Right will be done" and even the little man will get a fair deal.

All this is conveyed with quite an emotional impact. The film starts slowly and then works up to a tremendous suspense as more and more people are involved in the case. My main argument with "The Winslow Boy" is that it is really not a movie at all, but a filmed play. Producer Anatole de Grunwald and Terence Rattigan wrote the script from Mr. Rattigan's play which they changed very little; and the result is a static film with some excellent, high-sounding dialogue but with very little motion. What visual appeal it has it acquired through the handsome, realistic set and through the sincere characterizations portrayed by the fine cast under Director Anthony Asquith.

As the boy's determined father, Sir Cedric Hardwicke turns in a thoughtful performance that combines cold

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understatement with warm understanding. He sets a high standard for the entire cast: Robert Donat as the seemingly cynical barrister who realizes the importance of this case and fights to the very end that right be done by the government; Margaret Leighton as the boy's sister who is also fighting for causes—mainly Women's Suffrage; Marie Lohr as the boy's mother; Neil North as the boy himself, the victim of the accusation. Right now when there is a great deal of talk again about the Scottsboro case, Americans will be interested in seeing how the people of another country made sure that right was done. Even though the movie is lacking in cinematic values, this theme is well worth your attention.

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THERE IS NO lack of cinema in the other English import, *"The Rocking Horse Winner."* In fact this movie is an excellent example of a perfect welding of sight and sound in film—with the greater emphasis where is belongs: on the visual aspects. Although the story, which is rather on the unpleasant side, may leave you a little cold, the emotional force of this well-made film will certainly stir you. The main line of the plot concerns a sensitive little boy who is greatly disturbed by the financial insecurity of his spendthrift parents. Haunted by the cries for "more money, more money" that pervade the house the boy madly rides his rocking horse, and when he gets worked up into a frenzy the horse whispers the names of the winners at the real race track. Through the stable man who works for his parents, the boy makes bets and his winnings pile up. But when mama gets this money (through a device cooked up by the boy and his uncle in an imaginary legacy) she only spends more and more, and needs more and more.

One has to see this film to realize how effective this story is visually. Perhaps the biggest surprise about it all is that film makers haven't discovered this D. H. Lawrence story earlier or haven't tapped before the large supply of Lawrence stories which would lend themselves so well to the motion picture medium. Readers familiar with the original story will also be surprised to find that the good script, written by Anthony Pelissier, uses so many Lawrence lines and follows his story so closely. The ending, which attempts to soften some of the morbid aspects of the tale, is the only departure from the original; but the film as a whole has all the terror as well as the relentless, tragic driving force of the Lawrence theme.

John Mills' production, with its beautifully designed sets and stunning photography, and Mr. Pelissier's direction are superb. As the highly-strung youngster who rides to destruction ("He's best gone out of a life where he has to ride a rocking horse to find a winner") John Howard Davies gives a performance that is in a class with Bobby Henrey's in the "Fallen Idol." Valerie Hobson is properly lovely and chilling as the selfish mother. Ronald Squire effectively gives the film its only much needed touches of humor as the boy's uncle. John Mills portrays the stable man with just the correct note of frank sincerity in this melange of raw nerves and false standards.

You may wonder, as I did both when I read the story and saw the movie, just what D. H. Lawrence had against women that he was so vitriolic in characterizing the mother in "The Rocking Horse Winner" — this woman whose love was so limited that only her own needs became of prime importance. But with the psychological themes in this moving work of art you will have no argument. As the story comes to its unhealthy and tragic close your heart will bleed for this little boy whose compulsion to satisfy those needs drove him to an alliance with dark powers. And you wonder if the boy had lived how could he ever again have faced reality.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Poor People

A FEW months ago the present owners of the building which has served as headquarters for the Catholic Worker since 1935 gave notice that the property had to be vacated by summer. The June issue of *The Catholic Worker* (115 Mott Street, New York City 13) carried a small box on the first page: "Thanks be to God we found a suitable house this morning as we were going to press. However we do need ten thousand dollars more to make the property ours. . . ." In the same issue Dorothy Day writes at greater length of the present need.

> I do not know how to love God except by loving the poor. I do not know how to serve God except by serving the poor. Poor people are those people who are standing out in the rain now, today, May 29, standing there with the rain soaking through their thin clothes, running down their faces like tears. They are standing there because they are hungry, and because in our fifteen foot by fifty foot dining room and kitchen there is warmth, and there is Everet Trebtoske and his staff, serving soup, a good heavy pea soup, with bread. Poor people are people like that colored man and woman who spent the night riding in the subways because they had been put out of their lodging, after they had lost their jobs and spent what little they had laid by. A priest sent them to us last night. There was no hospice in his parish, no Christ rooms. Poor people is that sick man who has epileptic fits and cannot hold a job and who keeps trying because he doesn't want to go on relief. Poor people is that woman in jail who wants to come to us when she gets out, and that alcoholic dim-witted prostitute who plies her trade on the Bowery. It is that drunkard sleeping in a doorway, that old woman

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going through garbage cans. Sinners are poor people only it is getting so that only the poor are considered sinners these days. We are supposed not only to love sinners, but to have reverence for them, Fr. Faber said, because Christ came especially for them.

Decadence and Renewal

WE MUST go far back to unearth the roots of decadence in Christian art. The Church cannot cut herself off from the Cross, and her human triumphs are short-lived" says the Rev. Angelico Surchamp, O.S.B. of the Abbaye Sainte Marie de la Pierre-qui Vire, Saint Léger-Vauban, France. He writes on "Signs of Decadence and of Renewal of Sacred Art" in the May *Liturgical Arts* (7 East 42 Street, New York City 17). Here is a further excerpt:

> Obviously an art which heads in the direction of "realism" will inevitably founder in materialism and sensualism. The moment when, in the thirteenth century, Christ's humanity took precedence over His divinity wherever we find Him depicted (you need do no more than compare the Christ in the Vézelay tympanum with that in the tympanum of Chartres and then in that of Paris), from then on we can foresee the thundering Jupiter of the Sistine Chapel and guess at the brutal death throes of sacred art in the eighteenth century with those effeminate Christs which are genuine, if unconscious, blasphemies. Here is the triumph of the profane, the progressive defilement of the holy, the slow materialization of spiritual truths. The outward puts the inward to flight. It was easier for Rubens to be religious in his pagan than in his Christian scenes.
>
> Now it is here that, technically, our modern art rediscovers a clear affinity with the primitive arts. Roman and pre-Roman art takes on in our eyes the worth which Greek art had suddenly re-acquired in the sixteenth century. What is more, a new theological climate has come into being. In the nineteenth century theology was, you might say, non-existent; lost to sight was the doctrine of man's divinization through grace, of the most holy Trinity's in-dwelling within the soul. The mystical body was never mentioned. Sentiment played the preponderant role in Christian life. A wondrous renewal has come to pass. Saint Thomas and the Fathers have been rediscovered. A book like the Apocalypse has once more an extraordinary appeal. The liturgy is freshly thought out, studied, lived. The monastic orders reappear and by their fecundity prove that there is a deep desire for the inner life. Necessarily all this finds its echo in art. Real attempts are being made. There *are* fine sculptors and painters who would give life to art if they could find a wall to carve or to paint—and how spiritual it could be!—integral with architecture.

Books

Religion and the Rise of Western Culture. Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

HIS new book, *Religion and the Rise of Western Culture,* develops the main theme of all Christopher Dawson's work: "What I wish to do is to study the earlier phases of the Western development and to see how far the formation of the Western Europe culture complex was conditioned by religious factors." The enterprise involves a cumulative definition of Western Culture, obtaining added clarity especially at the broad turnings, or "revolutions," from the Latin Fathers, at the beginning of the Dark Ages, to the collapse of the high Middle Ages, when the current of reform and social innovation became separated from the Papacy, as earlier, in the transformation of the eleventh century, it had separated from the Empire.

Defining the dynamics of the civilization is inevitably to proclaim the unifying spirit. Since Marx and Hitler, and in a way before them with the Whigs and Liberals and biologists, ". . . the rise of these new political ideologies and ideological theories of history has shown that the development of scientific specialism has in no way lessened man's need for an historical faith, an interpretation of contemporary culture in terms of social processes and spiritual ends, whether these ends are defined in religious or secular formulae."

This sentence, from a brief and direct discussion in the Introduction, points out one popular service the author performs. His historical interpretation constitutes *almost* an ideology, and an ideology has proved a warm thing to have around the scientifically functionalized and cauterized corridors of the modern mind.

Christopher Dawson's viewpoint is not, to be sure, what he defines strictly as ideological: "the work of man, an instrument by which the conscious political will attempts to mould the social tradition to its purpose." Nevertheless, his search for intelligible relationships between historical events and his attempt to integrate and unite in generalizations the different branches of historical interest, such as science, religion, politics, economics and literature, lead toward a point of view. A point of view of this kind "may have a creative and transforming influence on man's social culture and historical destiny as well as on his inner personal experience." His ultimate viewpoint is known to be that of Catholic Christianity. It is not used as a social and political, or even intellectual, weapon to meet a threatening world or competing idea. Still, his work gives his Faith a universal relevancy and a competent role in all branches of cultural activity, something which propagandists for modern ideologies try hard in more synthetic ways to create for their figments. Dawson is interesting quasi ideology.

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THE actual presentation of historical persons, actions, monuments and events in *Religion and the Rise of Western Culture* has great narrative and general informational interest. The author is a trained historian, responsible with facts. Specialists may find no unique encyclopedic knowledge in some of their particular branches; and in some instances they may find that his analysis and the use he makes of their special learnings does not draw upon all the knowledge and all the inferences which lifetime scholars have provided. It would be difficult, however, to deal more candidly than he does with historical material, or to guard more resolutely against what the learned consensus could show to be error.

The facts he uses are notable and memorable in the context he provides. There is no shower of dates or barrage of unrelated events. The attention is focused. It is impossible to say to what extent the focus—the frame or lens—is empirical or a priori: how much Christopher Dawson formed the frame of observation experimentally on the basis and out of the material of scientifically noted facts, or how much it was created first, that is, derived from philosophical and psychological sources before the study of the material historical facts. The discussion of that subject in Toynbee, where that comparable historian proclaims the empirical basis of the generalizations and patterns of civilization in *A Study of History*, would apply also to Dawson. The latter, indeed, is far less schematized than Toynbee and less symmetrically architectural. Dawson seems more "scientific" and more rigidly disciplined in the formation and utilization of his general ideas.

It is certain that a creative thinker in any sphere, and especially in history, must constantly go back and forth, thinking from the isolated material experience to the intelligible meaning, and from the idea to the particular experience or event. Dawson does not distort or override the objective evidence in doing so. The selection seems extraordinarily interesting and creative (leading somewhere), and it is clearly reasoned for the reader. The emphasis on the Dark Ages, on the moments of transition and on the elements of change, rather than upon the most classical or spectacular actual flowerings of western civilization, provides also a degree of novelty.

In this volume (for instance) the author makes clearer distinctions between two different Dark Ages and two different medieval Ages of Reform than has been made before. These divisions illustrate ideas which Dawson has on the relationship between religion and western civilization. One has no feeling, however, that the divisions are manufactured to point up the ideas. The divisions rather appear from the citation of the historical evidence, and the facts have interest and color of their own. Christopher Dawson attracts the reader and the reader's admiration as a competent and conscientious handler of objective historical knowledge.

CLASSICALLY, history is a branch of literature. Textbooks and the exhaustive special scholarship of the nineteenth century, when critical monographs were produced instead of composed books, have obscured this ideal. Dawson is a writer, and *Religion and the Rise of Western Culture* is a well-formed, decently composed literary work. The sentences read right, and the vocabulary is that of civilized intercourse. The whole thing is short, only 274 pages. Particular events and illustrations are written with the greatest economy possible. There is no parade of learning and laboring of points, but rather discipline and modesty—and also a kind of confidence in the reader, not assuming unusual knowledge but trusting his reasonableness and imagination.

The chapter of "The Medieval City: Commune and Guild," provides in 22 pages an essay as rich and clear as many volumes and sets of volumes on that popular subject, and it transfers its content to the reader with the lack of strain which articulate art alone can effect. Very briefly, elsewhere, the role of Saint Francis is brought to the center and heart of comprehension, and Dante is shown as the remarkable reflector and creative artist of an era. These elements are not decoration and "artistic" elaboration, but structural parts of the story, just as much as the exposition of the parts of life like economics and politics and war which are taken by habit as of weighty and serious and difficult significance by historians. The same tone is applied to all the aspects of men's lives, and it is a fine human tone. There is a winning, calm seriousness, in no way stuffy or affected or formidable. The final short chapter is mostly Langland and "Piers Plowman." (It is true, and a limitation, that Dawson handles no other art or monuments as he does the literary.) Without pointing, the author has reached a very unclimatically presented climax and ending for his book. The work doesn't just stop; it is completed.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

A Segment of My Times. Joseph M. Proskauer. Farrar, Straus. $3.

THE sands of time have lately been so tracked up with the footprints of statesmen and generals, and the housekeepers, bodyguards, and chauffeurs of statesmen and generals, that it is somewhat of a rarity to come upon the memoirs of a useful private citizen. Joseph M. Proskauer has no scandals to rake, no secret information to reveal. His is a story of a long and constructive career as lawyer and judge, philanthropist and leader in Jewish communal affairs.

For many years Judge Proskauer was friend and adviser to Alfred E. Smith. He managed two of Smith's gubernatorial campaigns. During the 1928 presidential race, when anti-Catholic bigotry was distorting the political issues with the charge that Smith for President meant the Pope in the White House, he helped to draft "Smith's Answer to Marshall," the historic open letter that logically demolished the claim that a Catholic could not conscientiously take the oath of office as President of the United States. Mr. Proskauer makes his bid for a place on the Roosevelt shelf by recounting the story of

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the Smith-Roosevelt break of 1932. In his view, the differences between the two men were simply differences of political principle and personality. He contents himself with eulogizing Smith and cataloguing, albeit in judicial tones, the faults of Mr. Roosevelt.

Among Mr. Proskauer's many worthwhile endeavors was a stint as consultant to the American delegation at the San Francisco Conference. Largely through his efforts, the board of consultants representing business, labor, agriculture, education, and religious and civic organizations, convinced Secretary of State Stettinius to introduce amplified human rights provisions into the United Nations Charter. Just before the deadline for the introduction of amendments, the American delegation swung wholeheartedly behind the proposals, and the Human Rights Commission and a clear enunciation of the principles of individual freedom became an intrinsic part of the world organization.

A Segment of My Times is not primarily a personal autobiography. After a few piquant chapters on his boyhood in ante-bellum Mobile, the author forsakes personal reminiscence. His wife is mentioned obliquely, because she happened to be a cousin of his first law partner; that he has children is evident only from a chance remark on the last page. Mr. Proskauer frequently seems to regard his book as a kind of personal Congressional Record. He reads into it his early poetry, excerpts from his speeches on law reform, press eulogies of his judicial decisions, and extensive extensions of remarks. If the reader is interested in the man and his creditable accomplishments, the book can be as informative, if sometimes as plodding, as the Congressional Record. But without franking privileges, it is hardly destined for wide circulation.

CAROL H. WEISS.

A Woman of Means. Peter Taylor. Harcourt. $2.75.

THIS is the first novel by the writer who previously produced a volume of short stories titled *A Long Fourth*. A young boy's description of life with his wealthy stepmother in her home in St. Louis forms the bulk of this narrative.

The tale is not one of ingenious hatreds, nor is it a story of a sensitive boy who mourns for his real mother in a house of abusive strangers. The Quint (Quintus Cincinnatus Lovell Dudley) of this book loves his stepmother and is loved intensively by her. The incidents are natural, limited and plausible. Most of them, however, are merely introductory scenes for the final, tragic moments; they form an expanded short story rather than a novel. The details of family activities, of individual sensibilities are made quietly, the impressive images of childhood, the secret intuitions of boys are revealed soberly, effectively.

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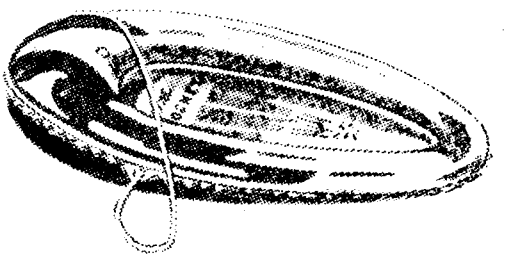

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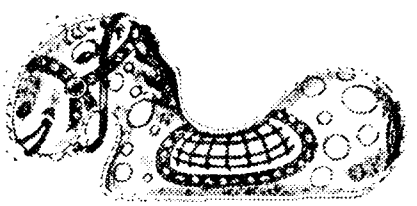

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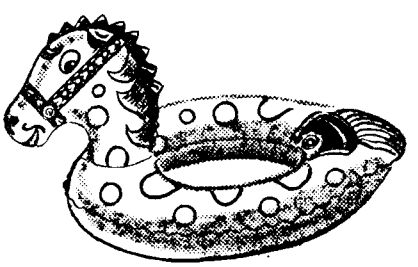

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ment, and leads to a protective but real nervous disorder of the stepmother. Her collapse and the assignment of responsibility is represented in abrupt and ambiguous pages, but the general merit of the writing is not lessened by the rapid resolution.

GEORGE MILES.

Out of My Later Years. Albert Einstein. Philosophical Library. $4.75.

THE publisher's preface describes this work as a "volume of collected essays," covering the period 1934-1950 as Einstein's *The World As I See It* covered 1922-1934.

Actually, only some of the items in this book are sufficiently full-formed to be classifiable as essays. This is a volume of *dicta* of all sorts and lengths: magazine articles, addresses, letters, fragmentary statements published and unpublished. Here is Einstein (at length) on Science & Religion, and here is Einstein (less than one page) on Mahatma Gandhi. Here is Einstein addressing the Fifth Nobel Anniversary diners, and here is Einstein's statement for the time capsule at the New York World's Fair. This is a loving *omnium gatherum*.

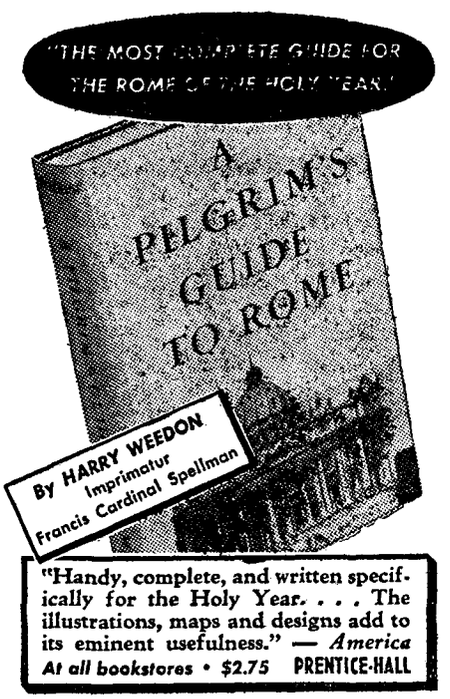
We are all aware that Dr. Einstein is a great man. It has also long been apparent that he is a *good* man: a kindly one, a well-meaning one, the sort of man of whom we say that his heart is in the right place. Also, however, he has occasionally surprised and disappointed us—in bits and snips of interviews that we have seen in the press—by what has sometimes seemed (because of misquotation, perhaps?) a blurriness in his philosophical thinking.

To read through this book is to have our view of Einstein confirmed. He is indeed a good man. There is a high nobility in him. The part of the book called "My People" is very moving. The words on war and peace have frequent splendor. Dr. Einstein's heart is very much in the right place. The inescapable word for him, I think, is lovable. But, with sadness, we find here that Dr. Einstein as philosopher—a role he has increasingly played in the public mind—is indeed a surprisingly schoolboy sort of philosopher. The press interviews have not misquoted him. The intellect which scintillates upon $E = MC^2$ brings to bear upon the fundamental problems of human existence a vision sometimes cloudy.

Dr. Einstein sees clearly that human nature is not improving. ("Today the rude passions of man reign in our world, more unrestrained than ever before." It might be a passage from Newman.) He also sees, and emphasizes again and again, science's incapacity to set goals and formulate what should be. Almost as one wringing his hands, he insists that "Science without religion is lame," and he sees man "in a bondage of egocentric cravings" unless and until religious devotion shall free him. But then, he goes on, we cannot of course have belief in a personal God. That is anthropomorphism. That is "false" religion. Traditional faith is invalidated by a "decisive weakness." (Dr. Einstein appears hopelessly taken aback by Christianity's ancient paradox: insistence upon both human free will and divine omnipotence.) Where then *shall* we turn? Here Dr. Einstein loses himself in a fuzzily idealistic eloquence which quite clearly leaves him (as it must the reader) unsatisfied and unfulfilled.

This is a book well worth reading. Despite Dr. Einstein's waverings and murks as a philosopher, he has a great many sound things to say. He has much learning; and what too rarely accompanies it, an earnest kindness and honest-hearted warmth. His *dicta* are all dictated by good will.

ALAN DEVOE.



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The Curtain Isn't Iron. Joseph C. Harsch. Doubleday, $2.00.
Soviet Imperialism. Ernest Day Carman. Public Affairs Press. $3.25.

THE outstanding characteristic of these two little volumes is the fact that they are most interesting and valuable, while at the same time their deficiencies are more than glaring. Harsch, a well-known correspondent, claims that war with the USSR is not inevitable, that over the past two years the Soviets have lost ground in Central-Eastern Europe, that Bulgaria is a resentful,

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angry satellite kept in line only by the most drastic repressive measures, and that Moscow is afraid to launch the Red Army against Finland or Yugoslavia or any other nation which might defy the Cominform as this would risk a general war. All this sounds very good—if taken on its face value, and if the framework of the total world situation is disregarded.

It could be argued, on the other side of the fence, that the pragmatic policies of the Kremlin allowed the problems facing Russia in Central-Eastern Europe to go by the board, to limited extent only because of the Communist successes in China. To claim that Moscow wants no fighting war at the moment is certainly right; but how about the underground, fifth column, and the "extended strategy" aspects of this undeclared war, which have been going on persistently, and ruthlessly? The reviewer did not know whether he was to weep or laugh when he read—in May, 1950—such statements by Harsch as: "A tourist can visit Czechoslovakia and hardly realize that anything has happened at all," or: ". . . the transition was drastically disturbing to relatively few." "The industrial worker certainly thinks he has gained rather than lost," "Even the managerial class was not disturbed so much as refugee stories would seem to indicate." The author visited Europe in 1947 and in 1949, and probably did not want to revise his manuscript after publishing his report on the 1947 visit.

Carman points out, and properly so, that since 1939 approximately 24,355,500 non-Russian people—a population greater than the total of Canada, Sweden, New Zealand, and Norway—have been "absorbed" into Soviet Russia. Simultaneously, the USSR has "acquired" 273,947 square miles of territory—an area larger than all of France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Portugal combined. No volume is more useful than Carman's in telling of the march of USSR "toward world domination," from the shores of the Baltic to China and the Near East. What is regrettable is that Carman takes up such "delicate" topics as Yalta, Potsdam, the Baltic coups—and nowhere does he utilize the "inside" stories which have recently become available to us on the details of these unhappy conferences. But, possibly Carman's scope was limited to start with. And his description of Soviet territorial aggrandizements between 1939 and 1949 is the best factual information available to us at the moment.

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK.

Give Beauty Back. Francis X. Connolly. Dutton. $2.75.

THE fault of this novel is that it is written deliberately in the tradition which the jacket describes as that of "the renascence of Christian letters in our time," and the world of which Connolly writes is stubborn about conforming to the deliberation of the artist. The virtues of the novel, its utter honesty, conviction and care and thoughtfulness are obscured by the sense the reader has of clichés—a million miles from the clichés of Tom

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Playfair—yet clichés that are just as oppressing. This time they are different and they are not meaningless, but they defeat the novel.

There is an attorney who comes to see the emptiness of secularized well-to-do life in the East. There is an artist who goes through left-wing politics to discover Catholicism and settle in a New Mexico village, close to the earth. There is a girl who becomes a brittle advertising executive. It is an intellectual exercise to consider the author's world, but his world is not, unfortunately, the real world. He sets them up and down they go, and virtue and the simple life triumph. But a set up is a set up, it is not contemporary life and living.

WILLIAM PFAFF.

The History of Modern Painting. Volume II. Maurice Raynal and others. Skira. $12.50.

ALBERT SKIRA, the publisher of this volume, not long ago undertook an ambitious and thoroughly worthwhile project: to present a comprehensive, richly illustrated history of painting during the last hundred years. The current volume is the second of a three-part series. The first offered a panoramic view extending from Baudelaire to Surrealism. The current book is concerned with Fauvism and the Expressionist school. Four European authorities have written lucidly on the work of modern French, Scandinavian, German and American expressionists. Attention is particularly focused on the work of Matisse, Munch and Rouault. The volume includes 80 superbly reproduced examples of the artists' work in full color which, even without the illuminating text, would distinguish it among art books. The editor, wisely, has chosen from among less familiar paintings. Unhappily the necessarily high cost of this volume places it beyond many budgets, but for those who can afford it, it will represent a rich investment.

• REVIEWERS •

CAROL H. WEISS recently completed graduate study in political science at Columbia. She is now an executive of a national community service organization.

GEORGE MILES is a critic whose home is in New York.

ALAN DEVOE has written on nature and natural science for *Harper's* and the *American Mercury* among other magazines. He is author of *Down to Earth.*

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK is editor of the *Slavonic Encyclopedia* and a member of the faculty of the University of Bridgeport.

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